

THE THEATRES

on plates loaned Mr. Mansfield by the directors of the Imperial theatre in St. Petersburg. The translation was made by Madame Sophie de Messner, the American wife of a Russian diplomat.

Count Tolstol died nearly thirty years ago. He wrote an historical novel, "The Prince Serebryani," which in Dr. Curtin's admirable translation is not unknown to American readers. "Ivan the Terrible" is a conspicuous figure in this story. He has also written, in addition to his three great tragedies, a quantity of poetry. He ranks well up among the first novelists, dramatists and poets of Russia, though his fame extends little beyond his fatherland.

STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS.

"Across the top of the proscenium arch in the old McVickers' theatre in Chicago, twenty years ago," said Dis-

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DISCUSSES MODERN STAGE CONDITIONS

JOSEPH JEFFERSON chatted in an entertaining and instructive way during his visit to Philadelphia last week regarding existing conditions in the American theatre. Numerous living topics were discussed—endowed and national playhouses and the reasons why they are not practicable; the possibilities for drama in this country, its sphere and purpose; the relation of the theatre to the public and the death of good dramas and dramatists.

"The question of an endowed or national theatre, which has received so much attention of late, was the first topic broached.

"I do not see how such a plan can be made practicable," said Mr. Jefferson. "A very grave difficulty would be the exactions of the people who put their money into such an institution. They would naturally require something tangible in the way of results to show for their investment. The plays and performances would need to be of the best, not merely up to the average, or in some one of the grades of mediocrity. It is not easy, on the other hand, to give performances of such superlative excellence. Why?

"This brings us to the second objection to the plan—the question of players. A good actor usually has the money he needs to make artistic productions. He has a desire, natural enough and very human, of being at the head of the enterprise. Why should he surrender this privilege and the profits and glory of his work to go with a number of others into a general group of players?

"It would also be difficult for an actor to have his own theatre, even if he had the money to build one. He would be obliged to subject himself to the rule of another stage director. Then, too, he would spend most of the time in one place, playing to a single city, and you know an actor finds satisfaction and pleasure in going from place to place, meeting many people and hearing the applause of audiences in different parts of the country.

"Neither do I see how we can have a theatre under government control. With every change of administration we would be likely to see a different policy. During four years Democratic comedians might be in the ascendancy, and the next term find Republican leading men in the center of the stage.

"Where would you build a national or endowed theatre? We have no American city which fits to this nation what London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany or St. Petersburg to Russia. We are too big for that. The more you travel the more you are astonished by the numbers and beauty of American playhouses. There are at least 500 splendid theatres in America. Think of it! Why should an actor restrict his labors to one?

"A great deal has been said of the Comedie-Francaise as a model for an endowed theatre. I saw some very bad acting there, by the bye, while in Paris recently. What is the attitude of the French actor toward it? France has no provincial theatre as we speak of—playhouses in two or three towns at best. It is Paris or nothing. An actor succeeds in getting into the Comedie-Francaise. It is an honor, but he can progress no further. If he keeps out of it, there are many theatres of England and 500 in this country to visit in for glory and riches. Is it not better for artists like Bernhardt, Comstock, and Rejane to choose these many theatres rather than end their days in the Comedie-Francaise?"

"A suggestion has been made," remarked the interviewer, "that each city build and endow a theatre, and allow the citizens to select the plays they want to have performed in it. Is such a plan practicable?"

"Such institutions could be established," Mr. Jefferson replied, "but where many people have a voice in the policy of playhouses, there would probably be a deal of dissension and many differences of opinion to neutralize good results."

"With the wonderful possibilities for the drama in this country, must not high ideals be insisted upon?"

"Yes, but do not forget the purpose of the drama," Mr. Jefferson replied. "The primary object of the theatre is to entertain. That must always be borne in mind. The other important object is to educate. The stage is not a place for sermonizing. If people want to preach, let them do so in the church or the home. The lessons of the theatre, on the other hand, are taught by suggestions, the delineation of character and more or less unconscious example, all in the guise of entertainment."

"There must be as many kinds of plays as there are kinds of people," Mr. Jefferson said. "The theatre must appeal to all to people for whom a more exciting, primitive play becomes a living force. Other theatre-goers like 'The Trivia' and while smiling at the simpler play, too often forget the good purpose served by its performance. Each class, however, should have plays raised to some degree above its capacity for appreciation. Thus the public taste is slowly, but surely, raised and educated."

"Has the art of acting deteriorated under existing conditions?" was the next question.

"Acting differs from other arts," replied Mr. Jefferson. "A painter or a sculptor has his work—a picture or a statue—which may be judged on its merits, quite aside from the personality of the creator. In the same way the actor has his printed parts. The actor must convey impressions through himself. His is the power of personality, always in evidence before the audience, and it is this which makes his voice, face, gestures, manner or the very subtle elements of his individuality, which he brings to the world is insatiable now and again by the appearance of histrionic genius—a man or woman combining dramatic power and a strong personality. You remember how the great actors of the past, like Garrick, were so different from the actors of today, and how Garrick trudged to London, a boy, unknown and inexperienced, and started his career with his great genius. Even now they are telling of a girl in Germany, the veriest child, who has not only written a great

play, but is considered one of the finest actresses of her day."

"But what of the skill of the actor?" was asked. "Take those with experience like your own, for instance, in the old stock companies, playing many parts in many places. Did not such a training make better actors than the modern system, under which an actor may perform a single role for two or three years?"

"The people with experience such as that given in the old stock days," replied Mr. Jefferson, "know better how to act, but success still remains a matter of personality."

"Then you think that talent and personality will outweigh deficiencies in technical knowledge?"

"I think so, to a certain extent. The personal quality in an actor's work, on the other hand, alters the attitude of the public toward him. The acquaintance which these actors have with him seems to be actual and palpable. This results not infrequently in placing the player at a disadvantage. He is praised more highly for success, he is blamed more relentlessly for his mistakes, than men in other walks of life. Should a lawyer, preacher, or business man commit an indiscretion, and the fact is published in the newspapers, the people read, and not knowing the man, say little heed. With an actor this impersonal attitude is changed to a personal one. The actor's reputation suffers in proportion."

"There have been many complaints of late that our plays are bad or mediocre," Mr. Jefferson said. "If such is the case, how can the shortcomings of the playwrights be explained?"

"For drama is always in a state of transition," Mr. Jefferson replied. "It moves from good to bad and back to good again. Under existing circumstances the theatrical managers are doing the best they can. They do not want to produce anything but the best plays. He is getting all of them that are available. He places on the stage the best of the American playwrights. He goes to Europe and obtains the best that foreign theatres afford, provided he thinks they will suit our play-goers."

"It is a fact, then, that the theatres of this country and their demands have grown faster than the number of available dramatists?"

"That is the logical conclusion. The gift of playwriting is an exceedingly rare one. Senator Hoar spoke to me some time ago of this apparent dearth of dramatists. I replied that it was unreasonable to expect Americans of today should produce in a comparatively short time plays which would compare with the great dramas of literature. Look at the growth of the old English drama from Shakespeare, through such men as Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve and Wycherly, down to the more recent authors, like Sheridan, Bulwer and Knowles. It has taken a hundred years to build. It has been acted and commented upon so often that we see it from every possible viewpoint. Is it fair or right to expect a dramatist in a comparatively short space of time to produce works equal to theirs?"

next day Mr. Wilson, with no back pay, walked to St. Louis.

The enterprising, not to say witty, theatrical manager is quite as active in Russia as in any other land, a fact that is proved by the fact that a Russian province, which has found its way to the outside world.

In Penza a successful director of amusements announced a grand wrestling match, called "The Russian Hercules," and Suma Sari, a muscular Japanese, and the contests nightly attracted great crowds.

In these contests the Russian Hercules always won, although only after a tremendous struggle. On the day of the last performance the Japanese demanded a raise in his salary, but as this was not granted he went away declaring that the refusal would cost the management dear.

That evening a large audience which had assembled to witness another Russian triumph were much astonished. The moment the "Russian Hercules" came to grips he was seized by the Japanese, who, raising him on high, cast him bodily into the auditorium. The audience protested angrily that there was no Japanese living who could by far exceed the Russian Hercules. Thereupon Suma Sari came forward shouting that he was a better Russian than his opponent, and to prove his words, tore off his wig and pigtails and exposed the fraud.

Harry Gilfoil, comedian, has during his entire stage career been well known to another man's shoes and been wearing even the other man's name. The stage name of the mimic was thrust upon him. He is a native of Washington and his parents still reside there. At home he is Frank to his folks and his last name is Graff.

The name of Gilfoil is scarcely more euphonious than Graff, and very few, if contemplating a change of patronymic, would select that of Gilfoil, more especially if a change for stage use were contemplated. It is more often the case that a well considered and deliberate exchange of names results in the adoption of a comical and unusual cognomen.

When he joined the first company at the outset of his theatrical career he took the place of an actor programmed as "Harry Gilfoil," although that was not his own name. In this way he became known as Harry Gilfoil, and so far as the theatrical profession was concerned, there was no reason why he should change it again.

Frank Campeau, the exceedingly villainous-looking villain in "The Virginian," happens to be a particularly refined looking young man in his street clothes. In fact, to say truth, his aspect is downright clerical, especially if he happens to put on a white necktie, as he does now and then. He went into a church in Fifth avenue last Sunday evening and, at the end of the regular services, stayed for the prayer meeting that followed. He says that, if he had known what would happen, he would have come out before the prayer meeting began, for, after one member of the congregation had said a few words of introduction, the minister who presided pointed to Mr. Campeau and said, persuasively: "I see a strain in the room, evidently a clergyman. May I ask him to lead us in prayer?"

"And what did you do?" asked Owen Wister, to whom he was telling the story.

"What could I do? It was not the first time I had done it anyhow—albeit that was my debut in New York."

Mr. Campeau said this with sufficient seriousness to suggest that he was not ashamed to acknowledge that, though an actor, he never felt himself out of place in a church.

What We May Expect. (Chicago News.) "Pa," said the little boy with the history, "were there ever any pirates on the Mississippi river?"

"No, my son," replied pa, "but there will be in a few months."

"What will be their names, pa?"

"St. Louis hotelkeepers."



IDA DUE
Salt Lake Girl Who Will Appear at the Grand With the Elford Stock Company in "Shenandoah" This Week.

this evening at the Grand theatre. The programme follows:

Grand selection, "King Doda".....G. E. Linder
Violin solo, "Chanson d'Amour".....Santoni
"Mazurka".....Wienawski
Song, "Italian Waltz".....Wilson
Jean St. Remy
Pianoforte solo, "Waltz".....Wallenhaupt
"Katherine".....DeVere
By request, (a) Sextette from "Lucia"
(b) Berceuse from "Donizetti"
Dances from "Goddard"
Violin solo, "Zigeunerweisen" (Gipsy Dance).....Sarasate
Bernard Wallther.....Original
Monologue "Six Hopkins"
Aria, "O Luce di quest'anima"
Crem "Linda".....Donizetti
Jean St. Remy
Grand overture, "Fest"
Held's Band

PRESS AGENT'S PROMISE.

The good-bye week of the popular Elford company at the Grand will begin tomorrow night, when Bronson Howard's famous masterpiece, "Shenandoah," will be the offering. It will run the entire week, including Wednesday and Saturday matinee. This great military drama scarcely needs an introduction for its fame and popularity is known from coast to coast. The Elford company promise to give a complete production of this thrilling war play. The national guard of Utah will participate, making the great battle scene a thrilling spectacle of stage realism. In addition, as a special feature, Miss Ida Due, a popular young actress of this city, who possesses much histrionic ability, has been especially engaged for the role of Madeline West, an important part in the play. In writing "Shenandoah," the author has conceived the plot for one of the most interesting stories of the civil war ever put in the form of a play, it has steadily grown in public favor, as the years have passed, time only increasing its hold upon the hearts of the people. With its strong, stirring dramatic situations, thrilling climaxes, a love story of absorbing heart interest, amusing natural and unforced comedy scenes, allied with a plot that can be followed by everybody, are really the component parts of a successful play of this order. As to the above, a wealth of scenic splendor, novel and intricate mechanical effects, and the reason for the universal success of "Shenandoah" is found. It has been pronounced by many leading generals of the United States army as the most brilliant and thrilling war drama ever staged. The closing performance of "Shenandoah," Saturday night, will mark the farewell appearance of the

aces by amateur casts made up of immediate members of the royal family previous to 1901, but in that year the company of the Theatre Alexandre was given permission to present "Ivan the Terrible." It achieved an instant success, as popular as it was artistic, and thereafter was played continuously for three years.

"Ivan the Terrible" is the first of an historical trilogy by Count Tolstol, and its success encouraged the production of the second of the three, "The Tzar Peodor." These two ran concurrently for a long period in St. Petersburg.

The Literary and Dramatic society of that capital, devoted to the uncommercial development of the stage, thereupon presented the third, "The Tzar Boris." The character of Boris Godunov is most conspicuous in "Ivan the Terrible."

Ivan, surnamed "The Terrible," was the fourth of his name and the first of all Russian rulers to assume the title of Tzar. He was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, whom, unseen, he sought in marriage after a nuptial career embracing seven wives, which establishes him a successful rival of his English cousin, Henry VIII. During the early days of his life he was much beloved, but a nature suspicious and un-

by Bell, "was the familiar legend, 'Fact is stranger than fiction,' and whenever I read that line I am reminded of an unusual incident that happened in that very theatre, and thus comically verified the truth of the painted inscription overhead."

"In those days," as in these days, theatres were sometimes used for church services on Sunday nights, and McVickers's was then being employed Sabbath evenings by a sect that believed in the burning pit and the impending destruction of the world for its over-accumulation of sins.

"At the same time a summer opera company to which I belonged was filling the theatre on the other six nights of the week. Every woman we could spare away from performances was devoted to rehearsals, and the church services every Sunday night were interruptions."

"One Sunday night there had been a lengthy service for the sinners, and hardly were the people out of the front door before we began the rehearsal of 'The Sorcerer.' The only light we had was a bunch light in the center of the stage, casting its fitful, garish beams across the dark auditorium, and setting off with supernatural effect the faces of the chorus and principals. Suddenly in the midst of our work we heard a yawning out in the dark auditorium, as if a madman was running

dear old New York and many of the dear old New Yorkers, including her two big brothers, Lionel and Jack, both of whom are Gotham hits these days. But the prayers—

"They, of course, are offered to the great god, or goddess, Success," particularly declared Ethel.

"Would a London success mean more to you than a New York success?"

"No, I don't think it would. It isn't that London is the 'shining goal.' It's because London is so different, as one might say. I am to play in 'Cynthia' at the Duke of York's theatre, and I shall play Cynthia, quite different than Ellis Jeffreys did. The question, therefore, is, Will London like me? I'm hoping and praying for the best. Friends here have tried to cheer me

as she spoke, knocked softly upon the door of the dressing room.

"Miss Barrymore," began with a sign, and rising from her chair, pinned on a big, broad-brimmed, becoming hat. I wondered what such a hat was called, then thought why not a "Barrymore" hat—it couldn't have been a better name.

"Good-bye," she said, offering her hand.

"You will be gone—"

"That will depend. Perhaps for a day, a week, a month, possibly a year—but in any event not longer than a year."

Frederick Warren is known among the players who make their living and reputations in vaudeville. He is a member of the "team" of Warren and Blanchard. Nothing particularly interesting concerning Mr. Warren, unless it be the fact that he was born Feb. 29, and recently celebrated one of his few birth anniversaries. At his party he told this story:

"We were playing in London, Ont., and at the close of our engagement I went to see the customs clerk to arrange for the transfer of our baggage. While waiting for him I got into conversation with an old Scotchman who greatly admired theatrical people and loved to talk with them. He said the number was tolerably familiar with their ways. Turning to me, he said:

"Do you know all the good actors are getting older every day. Take Joe Jefferson and 'Joe' Murphy, for instance?"

"Yes," I said, "and there's Oliver Doud Byron."

"That's right," responded the old man, "but poor East Lynne, she's dead."

Argus was the name of a dog owned by Barobolus Tree, the English player. Argus was a wise animal, and he approved unstintingly the repressive drama. He did not like sensation and he abhorred melodrama. So long as his master was quiet and well behaved, Argus would sit in the wings and enjoy his performance, but when there were heroes Argus objected. For instance, it is related that when Mr. Tree was playing "Captain Swift," Argus used to follow every look and gesture of his master until the moment of the suicide arrived. Then he would turn tail and flee into a dark corner as if there were a bomb about to explode. He would then sit in the wings and wait for the sound of the pistol and the thud of the fall. Then he would crawl out to meet his master and howl with joy at finding him really alive.

Last summer Francis Wilson took a trip through the Scottish Highlands. The party he was with was touring the particular range of hills, where the guide points at each peak and gives each a name. That is Ben Venue, he says; "the other Ben Lomond; this, Ben Nevis," etc.

Mr. Wilson added his head at each "Ben," and said it reminded him of a story. It was in a play called "Mad Mullah," and all Mr. Wilson had to do was travel around night after night with little sleep, nothing to eat, doing every odd job imaginable with, except at rare intervals, no pay. This particular time was a common empty stomach interval. Mr. Wilson was getting into his reception suit—a pair of red bloomers and a turban—when an idea struck him. He would get discharged and in a blaze of glory, too. He would starve no more. He thought over his modest line, "Ben Ali Ben Hassan," and then he had to hustle scenery the rest of the night and pray for pay day.

Perhaps that night he would have to help run the calcium light or assist the stage carpenter. No more of that, he decided.

The scene in the Turkish palace came. Everything was quiet. Mr. Wilson heard the cue and the approaching steps of the grand vizier. Quick as a flash he took the center of the stage, and, striking a mock heroic attitude, shouted, with his hands at his mouth, "Ben Ali, Ben Hassan, Be-en scene shifter, Be-en carpenter, Be-en lighter, Be-en every d— thing!" Then, he saluted, and the Ben walked in. The

into taking a bright view of the prospect by telling me I have lots of friends in London who will be out in front to help me to success.

"But one can't depend on one's friends for success on the stage, especially in London. You can't fill a theatre with your friends for one night, let alone for several. And I frankly confess I am afraid to face for the first time a pit which may 'booh' and a gallery which may hiss. Oh, how they do 'booh' sometimes!"

Miss Barrymore put her hands to her ears, then nervously clasped them in her lap.

"Still, you have played there before," she said.

"Yes, but the parts I had in Sir Henry's company were so small that no one, outside my little circle of friends, will remember me. It will be like venturing on thin ice, waiting to hear—"

"Second act!"

It was the voice of the maid, who

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE—
Monday night, Utah State Band concert; Thursday night, Orpheus club concert; Saturday night, Richard Mansfield in "Ivan the Terrible."

GRAND—Tonight, band concert. The Elford Stock company in "Shenandoah," all week.

ANOTHER claimant for the honor of first presenting Maude Adams to the playing public has come forward. The claimant is Harry Horsley, who will be well and favorably remembered by the old-timers. Mr. Horsley says that he, and not John Lindsay, carried the Baby Maude on a tea tray in "The Lost Child." The veteran remembers the incident very clearly and is sure he could not be mistaken. Mr. Horsley also held the prompt book for Maude when she appeared in her first speaking part in the Theatre. The play was a farce, "Out to Nurse," and Miss Adams was a child of 7 or 8 years of age. Mr. Horsley was connected with the Salt Lake theatre for many years. He was assistant stage manager, costume master and prompter, and he often played parts himself. His first stage experience was with Edwin Booth in Hamlet, when Mr. Horsley appeared as an altar boy.

How serious matters are sometimes averted by exhibitions of coolness on the part of professional people is illustrated by a story told of James Corigan, the capable actor, who is the mainstay of the Elford stock company, now appearing in an extended repertoire at the Grand. On one occasion the company was appearing in a theatre in southern California. In the midst of one of Mr. Corigan's comedy bits a violent earthquake shock was felt. The walls of the theatre rocked perceptibly and the people started from their seats in wild, unreasoning fear. A moment of hesitancy and there might have been a panic, attended with loss of life, for the theatre was crowded. But Corigan came to the rescue.

"I have always had a notion," he said, "that I was a pretty good comedian, but this is the greatest tribute I have ever received. Tonight I am actually and literally moving the house." At his first words the audience hesitated, and when he finished there was a burst of laughter that effectually stopped all possibility of a stampede.

Nothing finer in band concert line has been heard in Salt Lake for a long time than the programme to be given by the Utah State band under the direction of Anton Pedersen tomorrow night. This organization is thoroughly entitled to a liberal patronage, and the theatre tomorrow night should be crowded.

The programme follows:
Overture, "Pest".....Leutner
"The Gondolier".....Powell
Grand selection, "Pauet".....Gowd
"When Celia Sings".....Moir
Miss Sigrid Pedersen
Allegro Moderato, "Unfinished Symphony".....Arr. by Anton Pedersen
Grand National Fantasia, on Scotch Irish and English Airs.....Bastens
"The Day is Ended".....Bartlett
Miss Sigrid Pedersen
(Violin obligato, Arthur Pedersen.)
Caprice, Heroique, "Le Revell du Lion".....Konak
March, "Religious".....Chambers

The Orpheus club concert will occur at the Salt Lake theatre on Thursday evening. The club will be assisted by the Chamade Trio of Denver, consisting of Mrs. Geneva Waters Baker, violin; Mrs. George Spalding, violoncello and mezzo-soprano, and Miss Dulce Grossmayer, piano.

The programme follows:
"Minnehaha" (Indian serenade).....Loring
Orpheus Club
Trio Op. 9, "Molto Allegro ed Agitato"
Allegro vivace.....Mendelssohn
Andate con moto
Allegro vivace.....Chamade Trio

(a) "In Piccadilly".....Bruschweiler
(b) "The Phantom Band".....Thayer
Orpheus Club
Aria from "Samson and Delilah," "Oh, Love and Show Me"
C. Saint Saens

Mrs. Spalding
"Rondo Elegante".....Henri Wieniawski
"Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night"
Mr. J. W. Curtis and Orpheus Club
"Lilacs".....Edward Elgar
"Bolero".....E. Fernandez Arbes

(a) "Kyprie".....Augusta Holmes
(b) Cuban Hammonk Song.....E. Paladille
(c) "The Quest".....E. Palmer
(d) "Cradle Song".....Jonas Brahms

Mrs. Spalding
"Romance".....George Lehman
"Canzonetta".....D'Ambrosio
"Presto Leggero".....Mrs. Baker
Chamade Trio
"The Sword".....Bullard
Orpheus Club

The Herald has received a copy of a charming song by Oliver C. Nordstrom of this city. Both words and music are by Mr. Nordstrom. He calls the song "Celia." The publication is by the Nordstrom & Daniels Publishing company of Salt Lake.

The Orpheus club of New York will assist Held's band at the regular weekly concert of the latter organization

FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF THE ORPHEUS CLUB.

Elford company in Salt Lake for the present season.

When Richard Mansfield comes to the Salt Lake theatre on Saturday evening next he will be seen in "Ivan the Terrible."

Mansfield's creation of the Tzar Ivan the Terrible is already celebrated. It is a kaleidoscopic reflection of the most singular despot in history. The celebrated play is an historical tragedy of mediaeval Russia and is the work of Count Alexis Tolstol, a relative of Count Lyof Tolstol. For a long time, indeed, until the accession of the present liberal minded Tzar Nicholas, no representation of the person of the emperor of Russia was permitted on the stage. Nicholas relaxed the censorship in many directions, and in this one in order that "Ivan the Terrible" might be seen by his people. Private representations had repeatedly been given at the royal pal-

ace, and the noise of falling seats added to the scare. As soon as we recovered from the first shock a number of the men ran out, and there they found that the hubbub proceeded from a man who had gone to sleep during the church service, and had been left unnoticed and alone in the theatre when the audience went out. Inaudible his feelings as he came to himself, half-awake, in the darkened theatre, confronted by the weird scene of the hypocrites, hasting with a superstition, overwhelmed finally by the very rage which had colored all his life.

The tragedy is in five acts and eight scenes. The cast is long, and the total number of people appearing is 105. Pictorially it reflects the barbaric prodigality of mediaeval Russia, refined by characteristic national taste. The scenes and costumes are all modeled

amuck, and the noise of falling seats added to the scare. As soon as we recovered from the first shock a number of the men ran out, and there they found that the hubbub proceeded from a man who had gone to sleep during the church service, and had been left unnoticed and alone in the theatre when the audience went out. Inaudible his feelings as he came to himself, half-awake, in the darkened theatre, confronted by the weird scene of the hypocrites, hasting with a superstition, overwhelmed finally by the very rage which had colored all his life.

Ethel Barrymore has gone away from here, London being her destination, and she packed "pangs and prayers" in her trunk along with the other things, so she told Charles Darwin. The pangs were caused by her regret at leaving